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THE IRISH EAGLE.

The eagle, says the eloquent Buffon, has many points of resemblance, both physical and moral, to the lion. He possesses amazing strength, and consequently that dominion over the other inhabitants of the air, that the lion has over quadrupeds. The magnanimity of each is equally conspicuous; both despising smaller animals, and disregarding their insults. Like the lion, the eagle also is the solitary inhabitant of a desert, from which he excludes all the rest of his species. The eyes of the eagle have the same glare, and nearly the same colour as those of the lion: the eyebrow of each projects considerably, evidently intended by Providence as a protection for the eye in an animal prone to attack with its head. Destined, both of them, for war and plunder, they are equally averse to all society, equally ferocious, high-spirited, and untractable; they cannot be tamed, except they are taken when quite young.

The bill and claws of the eagle are crooked and formidable; his figure corresponds with his disposition; his body is robust and compact; his legs and wings are very strong; his bones firm; and his flesh hard; his feathers are rough; his attitude is bold and erect, his movements quick; and his flight rapid. He rises far above the rest of the winged tribes, and on this account he was denominated by the ancients, 'the bird of heaven,' and considered in their auguries as the messenger of Jove. His sight is excellent; but his smell is far inferior to that of the vulture: in fact he can only chase the prey that is in sight.

The golden eagle (*Falco chrysaëtos*) is a native of most of the countries of Europe, but is chiefly found in the mountainous districts of Ireland, where it breeds in the loftiest cliffs. It is remarkable for its longevity. We have the authority of a German naturalist for stating that one of them died at Vienna, after a confinement of one hundred years.

An eagle of this species was some years ago in the possession of Mr. Hawkes of Briarfield, in the County of Roscommon. A gentleman, who has frequently seen it there, describes it as more than four feet tall, when it had drawn itself up to its full height, as these birds are used to do, and the stretch of its wings when expanded was astonishing, being of corresponding extent. This majestic bird, which was taken in the neighbourhood of Boyle, and had probably been an inhabitant of the Curlicue Mountains or Keis-corrain, in which eagles abound, was given by Mr. Fry, of Frybrook, to Mr. Hawkes; it was then full-grown, and its age could not, therefore, be ascertained with precision; it would seem, however, to have been rather young. It soon became domesticated and firmly attached to the place, where it ever afterwards continued till its death; though perfectly at liberty, it never having been chained or put under any restraint whatever. Its wings had possibly been cut on its first arrival at Briarfield, but they soon grew again, and the bird repeatedly soared away, and absented itself for a fortnight or three weeks. It was given the name of Dudley, and was extremely familiar with persons in the habit of feeding or caressing it. From the first it was placed in the garden, a very large one, finely situated on a slope, overhanging a lake of considerable extent. A house or shed had been built for it, but it generally preferred a more convenient perch it discovered for itself in the branch of a large apple tree, which grew in a nearly horizontal position from the stem. Its food was chiefly crows, which were shot for it; sometimes, however, it attempted to procure them for itself, but not successfully, as their agility in turning short and rapidly, enabled them to elude its superior strength of wing; of late it contented itself with eying them wistfully as they flew or perched securely over its head. It does not appear to have ever committed any havoc among the sheep or lambs in the adjoining fields, but occasionally, when from some casualty it was not regularly supplied with its accustomed food, it has been known to seize on, and kill young pigs. Children, who constantly met it as it perambulated the garden, were never molested by it; yet, on one occasion, it attacked its master with some violence, in consequence, apparently, of his having neglected to bring it some bread or other food it was used to receive from his hand. At length,

after having lived for about ten or twelve years in this way, it was killed by a powerful and ferocious mastiff bitch, Mopsy. No one appears to have been present at the contest, but it may be conjectured that the struggle was neither slight nor unprotracted, for the mastiff, though victorious, died almost immediately in consequence of the severe wounds she had received in the conflict.

O'G.

INGENUITY.

In 1819, Thomas Hall, a linen weaver in Ireland, finished a shirt entirely in his loom. It was woven throughout without seams, and very accurately and neatly gathered at the neck, shoulders, and wrists. The neck and wristbands were doubled and stitched; there was a regular selvage on each side of the breast; the shoulder-straps and gussets were neatly stitched, as well as the wrists. In short, it was as perfectly finished, as if made by an expert seamstress. The shirt was exhibited to several persons in the linen trade, who completely satisfied themselves that it was actually the production of the loom, without any assistance from the needle.

CASTLE OF DOONA.

"On our return home we passed the Old Castle of Doona, (county Mayo) once supposed to have been honoured by the residence of Mrs. Grace O'Malley, (Grana Uille) who, if fame tells truth, was neither a rigid moralist, or over-particular in her ideas of *meum* and *tuum*. Some wild traditions are handed down of her exploits; and her celebrated visit to that English vixen Elizabeth, is fairly on record. The castle of Doona was, till a few years since, in excellent preservation, and its masonry was likely to have puzzled Father Time himself; but Irish ingenuity achieved in a few hours, what as many centuries had hitherto failed in effecting.

"A rich and hospitable farmer, John Conway, whose name will be long remembered in this remote spot, had erected a comfortable dwelling immediately adjoining the court-yard wall of the ancient fortress; and against the tower itself was piled in wealthy profusion a huge supply of winter fuel. It was a night of high solemnity, for his first-born son was christened. No wonder then that all within the house were drunk as lords. Turf was wanted, and one of the boys was despatched for a cleave-full—but though Pat could clear a fair, and "bear as much beating as a bull," he was no man to venture into the old tower in the dark, "and it haunted." Accordingly, to have fair play "if the ghost gripped him," he provided himself with a brand of burning bog-deal. No goblin assailed him, and he filled his basket and returned unharmed to the company, but, unfortunately, forgot the light behind him. The result may be anticipated. The turf caught fire, and from the intense heat of such a mass of fuel, the castle-walls were rent from top to bottom, and one side fell before morning with a crash like thunder. Nor was the calamity confined to fallen tower and lost fuel. Alas! several cags and ankers of contraband spirits were buried beneath the walls, and the huge masses of masonry that came down, burst the concealed casks of cogniac and schidam."—*Wild Sports of the West*.

FENCES.

November.—This is the first month for hedging and ditching, which is too much neglected in this country; a tenant thinks he has done a great deal when he plants some thousand quicks, and then leaves them to struggle as they may through weeds, and grow ragged and useless for want of clipping and proper attention; old hedges are seldom worth much trouble; it is better to root them out at once and replant; but when the hedge is not old, yet has been suffered to grow wild, the best method is to plash, which if done judiciously, and the young branches properly intertwined, will very soon make a good fence.—*Cottagers' Friend*.

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